

# HAM BURR at GRANDMA'S PARTY



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TELL you that a boy has a lot of once it will make, any way, for when I trouble in this world. It isn't all play am grown up I am going to be a broken over all work, not even all school, but like dad, and searante the country. Sometimes it makes me sick that people from their income, and Cousin

sometimes it's even worse than that, if you can believe me.

Grandma gave us a party out at the farm Saturday afternoon, and if anything ought to be all joy for a fellow it's what his grandmother does for him, for sometimes a fellow's grandmother wants him to have a good time always, and doesn't get the fidgets over words and such things which make life a double trouble, especially irregular verbs, which I hope Mr. Roosevelt will attend to when he has time to think of little boys. Mothers are always fussing over what you will be when you grow up, and they even don't tell you to turn your toes out and your chin up for the difference it makes to you now but the difference it will make when you are a grown up. I don't see what differ-

ence there is between a man and a boy, people from their income, and Godiva. Bob says that if your own income is big enough the world won't turn its back on you even if you turn your toes in. Grandmas want you to do the things which make a difference now, which is why they let you eat all the cake and jam you want without telling you that you will be a dyspeptic when you are grown up.

Well, anyway, mamma and papa were up on a visit when we had our party, and the trouble I had in taking care of them taught me what a hard life a teacher or society must have. Papa said that he had brought mamma up for a visit because he wanted to look at some real lamb. He hadn't seen one in Wall street, he said, for so long a time that he had forgotten how nice their warm wool looks.

But dad must have been joking then, for when I took him over the farm to show him where the woodchucks had been and the squirrels are, and the trees we got the And, by gosh mamma did, looking up the hearth. One, which was oxidized, was Fussy Wentworth which stopped juice, fell on the cat's back, a gets hauled up at school for making eyes, made a leap which landed her in the across, nasty instead of studying in bed, of popcorn, and there I was, man.

uppers are, and the trees we got the most nuts from, and how the cedar will work, and where the pine is, we are going to skate on. We passed a meadow with a herd of pigs rooting around, and dad said—"There's some lambs now. How good they do look!" I had never before seen my mamma with grandma, and it was good fun to hear her babbled about just as much as she does us about. Grandma told mamma that she wanted her and dad to lead the Virginia trail bed minimum each she had found it. Grandma looked surprised, and said—"I would just as soon think of your forgetting your prayers. You sit right down there and call over the figures to me until you get them perfect."

Well, grandpa told dad to string some apples and hang them up in front of the big fire to roast. I asked dad if he knew how, and he said he was considered one of the finest roasters on the Street. He's no good. He tied strings to the stems of the big red apples all right and hung them from rocks in front of the fire and then over away because he said he had heard that they would not burn if the things were true, that they said about grandpa's hard cider, and when I went in to see how the apples were getting on all the strings were charred through and they had fallen onto the floor, instead of hanging in one, out where Troy is, which probably ought to know in next Albany, and I'd like to have been there when they had all that row about Biden.

I sat Eggie at work on a new apron, and Pussy Wentworth was popping some more corn, and when grandpa to her again she said it burns hands to hold the paper over the coals so hot, and when I took all the corn in the popper was half melted and Eggie had made a start in another playing Broadway tunes.

After that everything I wanted did myself, and I got so hot from popping... and so sticky with the apples that when I went to help pull the marmalade mamma ordered me to scrub

half an hour or else I'd form untidy habits, which would be fixed on me when I was a grown up. But grandma told her son to let me alone, for if I didn't see to the curtains and furniture in the After supper, when the grown ups were getting the kids ready for the wagon drive back into town, I heard dad say to

"Well, my young lady, what are you going to be when you grow up?" Pussy looked him over, not a bit afraid, and said, "I had been thinking some of being your daughter-in-law, but if I would have to go to New York and live I don't believe I'll marry Han."

"Really, now," said dad, "that might disappoint Han. What's the matter with New York?"

"I'll tell you," said Pussy, slowly and seriously, "I don't believe I'd like to be a New York lady if I had to wear a ~~princely~~ gown that buttons up in the ~~back~~ like your wife's; the ~~principal~~ thing I want to be grown up for is not to have to wear a frock that I can't button myself."